Britiſh Wonders:

OR,

A Poetical Deſcription of the ſeveral

PRODIGIES

AND MOST

Remarkable Accidents

That have happen'd in *Britain* ſince the Death of

Queen *ANNE.*

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BRITISH WONDERS, &c.

IN wretched Times, when Men were given
To mock the Church and ſpurn at Heaven,
And Pious Saints, like Sinners, ſold
Their tender Conſciences for Gold,
Nay, even when our Guides could take
Or break an Oath for Int'reſt ſake,
As if no other God but Mammon,
Was worſhip'd both by Prieſt and Layman,
And that alike they'd no regard
To future Torment or Reward,
Excepting ſome, the very beſt,
Who liv'd deſpis'd by all the reſt,

And bore their Suff'rings in the face
Of Envy, with a Comly Grace,
Dreading no Party Threats nor Pow'rs,
But copy'd old Philoſophers,
And in contempt of Knaves and Fools,
Kept wiſely up to Vertue's Rules.

'Twas then when Prodigies were grown
As common as the Sun and Moon,
That e'ery Week, the Earth or Skies,
With ſome new Wonder, fed our Eyes,
And ſporting Nature, to amuſe us,
Did ſtartling Novelties produce us;
Mocking our Archimedean Sons
Of Art with ſtrange Phænomenons,
As puz'ling to our Math'maticians,
As new Diſtempers to Phyſicians,
Who, with their Terms of Art, oft hide
Their Ign'rance to ſupport their Pride,
Like Pedants, who to gloſs their Errors,
Talk *Latin* to unletter'd Hearers.

Tho'

Tho' many wond'rous Things appear'd,
And ſuch as juſtly might be fear'd,
To be Forerunners of ſome ſtrange
Deſtructive Plague, or fatal Change,
Like thoſe ſad Omens that foretold
The downfal of the *Jews* of old;
Yet all our Almanack-Profeſſors,
And Aſtrologick Fortune-gueſſers,
Tho' at each Sign they ſtood aghaſt,
Deſpis'd the threat'ning Signs when paſt,
And deem'd each Wonder but the Sport
Of Nature, that preſag'd no Hurt.

So Sailors, when a Storm encreaſes,
Look Pale and Fearful till it ceaſes;
Then gath'ring Courage by degrees,
They Swear and Bully Winds and Seas,
And ſlight the Danger that before
So ſhock'd the Cowards 'till 'twas o'er.

As ſoon as *Britain* had ſuſtain'd
That fatal Loſs which Heav'n has gain'd,
And Parties ſquabbl'd to a Madneſs,
About their Sorrows and their Gladneſs,
A Plague unpropheſy'd ſucceeded,
That only reach'd the Horniheaded,
And like a fatal Rot or Murrain,
Turn'd all our Bulls and Cows to Carrion;
That even Cuckolds pray'd, to pity,
This Horn-plague might not reach the City,
And from the Kine, who daily ran
Hornmad, extend itſelf to Man.
The Leacher, tho' he's cold, we find
Is always Goatiſhly inclin'd:
And the young buxom Female Creature,
As oft contracts a Pole-cat Nature.

Since brutal Paſſions thus infect us,
When Guardian Vertue does neglect us,
The Wicked may, if Heaven pleaſes,
As well be ting'd with Brutes Diſeaſes.

The

The Farriers now their Skill imploy'd,
But ſtill the Cows in Number dy'd,
And with their Horns and Hides together,
Were burnt, without reſerve of Leather,
To ſhew their Owners were almoſt
As frantick as the Beaſts they loſt.
Some cunning Huxters, who had Cows
Old, Dry and Lean, not worth a Souſe,
Tho' ſound in Health, but ſcarce deſerving
Of Paſture, to prevent their Starving,
Theſe wiſely knock'd 'em on the Head
By Night, when Neighbours were in Bed,
Next Day aſſign'd their Expiration
To this new fatal Viſitation:
So bore 'em to ſome diſtant Pit,
Or Ditch, for ſuch a Purpoſe fit;
There, to the Terror of our Iſle,
Conſum'd 'em in their Fun'ral Pile,
Then, like true Hipocrites, put on
A mournful Look, as if undone,

And claim'd the Sum of Forty Shilling,
For e'ery Cow of Heaven's killing.
A gen'rous Bounty! that deſtroy'd
More Cattle than the Plague annoy'd;
For not a worthleſs Runt paſt Thriving,
Wh' in Lanes and Commons ſought her Living,
But dy'd, if not of Peſt, by Slaughter,
Becauſe o'th' Money that came a'ter:
For Hay was dear, and Graſs but ſcarce,
Which made Lean Cattle fare the worſe,
And caus'd their Owners to diſpatch 'em,
For fear the Plague ſhould not attack 'em.
In all the filthy Skirts around
The Town, where naſty Scents abound,
O'er-roaſted Beef was now the Stink
Predominant o'er Ditch or Sink;
And Surloins broiling in their Flames,
The Foh of Hogmen and their Dames;
Burnt Horns and Hoofs, and hairy Hides,
Offended e'ery Noſe beſides,

And out-ſtunk all the Bulls and Bears,
Old Dunghils, Night-men, Slaughterers,
Jayls, Butchers Dogs and Hogs that dwell
In ſweet St. *James's Clerkenwel*;
Or all the Stinks that riſe together,
From *Hockley-Hole*, in ſultry Weather.

Thus *Engliſh* Beef, that glorious Food,
Once held ſo preferably good,
The moſt ſubſtantial of our Meats,
And nobleſt of our Friendly Treats;
That Fleſh which makes the *Briton* bolder
Than any Foreign Country Soldier,
And gives him Strength, in time of War,
To cleave a *Sultan* or a *Czar*;
Yet was it now deſpis'd by Porters,
And hungry Red-Coats in their Quarters;
Dreading to catch, from Cow or Ox,
The *Plague*, who never fear'd the *Pox*.

So the Fair Miſtreſs of the Town,
When Young and Wholſome, will go down,

But with the Crinkums once infected,
She's by the meanest Rake rejected.
Nor was the Fleſh alone refus'd,
But Milky Diets much diſus'd:
Pudding, that univerſal Diſh,
The Swain's Delight, the Plowman's Wiſh,
The Houſewife's Pride, the Huſband's Choice,
The darling Food of Girls and Boys,
Now dwindl'd to ſuch low eſteem,
'Twould ſcarce go down, tho' made of Cream;
For the Horn'd Cattle running Mad,
Had brought on Milk a Name ſo bad,
That even Pudding loſt its vogue,
And for a Seaſon prov'd a Drug.
Pudding! the Idol of the Prieſt,
The Farmer's conſtant *Sunday*'s Feaſt,
The Ornament of each Man's Table,
Down from the Noble to the Rabble,
The ſole Characteriſtick Food
Of true-born *Engliſhmen* abroad:

From

From whence, to good Old-*England*'s Fame,
Jack-Pudding takes his ancient Name.
As the *French* Fool is titl'd *John-Pottage*, from Soops he feeds upon.
And the *Dutch* Zany for preferring
His Fiſh, is nick-nam'd *Pickl'd-Herring*.
Thus e'ery Fool is call'd, in Jeſt,
By what his Country loves the beſt,
That thoſe who crowd to ſee the Pranks
On Stages play'd by Mountebanks,
May know what Country Fool attends
The Doctor, to engage his Friends,
For his aſſum'd or given Name,
Diſcovers whence the Zany came.

Butter, that old Balſamick Sauce,
Was alſo now made ſcandalous,
That even 'Prentice-Boys would flout it,
And eat their very Roots without it,
For fear the Cream ſhould prove contagious,
And make 'em, like the Cows, outragious;

For no Diſtemper, Plague, or Sadneſs,
Infects the *Engliſh* like to Madneſs.
Fiſh now were forc'd to ſwim, alas,
In Oil, to th' Table of His Grace,
Or naked in the Diſh appear,
Till Butter had a time to clear
Its preſent odious Reputation,
That it might come once more in faſhion;
And, like ſome Lords turn'd out of Poſt,
Regain the Credit it had loſt.
Cuſtard, that noble cooling Food,
So toothſome, wholſome, and ſo good,
That Dainty ſo approv'd of old,
Whoſe yellow ſurface ſhines like Gold;
That Idol of our City Halls,
Which crowns our ſolemn Feſtivals,
And adds unto my Lord-May'r's Board,
A Grace more pleaſing than his Sword.
That cruſty Fort, whoſe Walls of Wheat,
Contain ſuch tender luſheous Meat,

And us'd so often to be storm'd
By hungry Gownmen sharply arm'd,
Was now, alas, despis'd as nought,
And slighted wheresoe'er 'twas brought;
Whilst Lumber-Pies came more in play,
And bore, at Feasts, the Bell away.

So in wet Seasons, when our Mutton
Is e'ery where cry'd down as rotten,
Cow-heel becomes a Dish of State,
And climbs the Tables of the Great.

O wretched Times, when People fear'd
Their Chops with Custard should be smear'd,
Lest the Cow-plague should seize their Skulls,
And make 'em all as mad as Bulls!

So the wise Whigs, to Int'rest hearty,
Abjure the Disaffected Party,
Lest Tory-Breath should taint their Wits,
And make 'em all turn Jacobites.

The Milk-Maids now began to mourn
The Brindle, Red, and Crumpl'd Horn,

And dream'd at Night they ſaw the Ghoſt
Of e'ery Fav'rite Cow they'd loſt:
Then riſing early, having none
To ſtroke but Udders of their own:
They wept in Cluſters near their Houſes,
Like Widows parted from their Spouſes,
Till Tears and Piſſing made a Flood,
In e'ery Corner where they ſtood.
Thus moaning, now the Cows were dead,
The Loſs of them and of their Bread:
Some ſinging Ballads for ſupport,
New merry Strains with aching Heart.
As Malefactors, when they're dying,
Howl out a Pſalm, next kin to crying:
Others, their Modeſty forſaking,
Took up the Trade of Baſket-making,
And humbly ply'd for ſmall Rewards,
Among His Majeſty's Foot-Guards,
To gain, by Poxing and by Whoring,
What they had loſt by Plague or Murrain.

Thus

Thus Girls of honeſt Means bereft,
Who've nothing but their Quiſtrils left,
Muſt live by Jading or by Theft.

The next Diſaſter that befel,
Before the drooping Cows grew well,
Was that unhappy Chance among
The Scaffolds, when the Joyful Throng
Were gazing at the Grand Proceſſion,
That grac'd the pompous Coronation,
Where Lords and Ladies flam'd as bright
By Day, as wand'ring Stars by Night,
And where the *Hanoverian* Line
Did all the *Britiſh* Race outſhine,
And in their Robes and Jewels dreſs'd,
Look'd far more glorious than the reſt:
But as in ſolemn Pomp they mov'd,
Much honour'd, ſhouted and approv'd,
A Scaffold loaded with a crowd
Of fond Spectators, humbly bow'd

Its Props and Stancheons to the Great
Supporters of the Church and State,
Whoſe ſolemn Grandeur aw'd the Boards,
To fall before ſuch mighty Lords,
Proclaiming, in a crackling ſound,
Their Joy, as tumbling to the Ground,
The only Homage Wood could pay
To ſuch a Train, on ſuch a Day.
But O! the doleful Shrieks and Cries,
That of a ſudden did ariſe
Between both Sexes, when they found
The Scaffold tumbling to the Ground.
No Sailors in a foundring Ship
Half ſwallow'd in the foaming Deep,
Could in their Pray'rs and Groans expreſs
More dreadful ſignals of Diſtreſs;
For ſoon as e'er each yielding Prop
Gave way, and Seats began to drop,
Their loud Huzza's and Loyal Peals
Of Joy, were turn'd to Cries and Yells;

Some

Some roaring out, *My Back, my Back!*
Like Wretches tort'ring on the Rack;
And ſome that met with diff'rent Harms,
Bawl'd out, *My Legs!* or, *O my Arms!*
All, *Helter Skelter*, in diſorder,
Some crying, *Help*; and others, *Murder.*
The Ladies, who were dreſs'd as gay
As could be, for ſo bleſs'd a Day,
Suffer'd much more in this Miſchance,
Than their kind Huſbands or Gallants;
Some loſing all their Fin'ry off
Their Heads, became the Rabble's Scoff;
For tho' they look'd ſo Plump and Young,
When round with *Flanders* Laces hung,
Yet, when unrigg'd, their Crowns appear'd
As bald, as thoſe for Age rever'd;
Whilſt others, with their Heels upright,
Expos'd a more crinif'rous Sight,
Squeaking, with Voices almoſt ſpent,
Like tender Girls in Raviſhment.

Some well-dreſs'd lofty-ſeated Laſſes,
Tumbling from high to lower Claſſes,
O'erwhelm'd inferiour Blades and Beaus,
With their hoop'd Coats and Furbiloes;
Some ſneaking out their Heads, bereft
Of Wigs, which they behind had left
In ſacred Manſions, where could be
No ſearch, 'thout breach of Modeſty;
Whilſt others, who had plung'd their Locks
'Twixt Sattin Skins and Holland Smocks,
Brought forth about their wreaking Ears,
Th' unfav'ry Dregs of Female Fears;
An Accident ſo very ſpightful,
That made the Suff'rers look as frightful
As pelted Wretches, juſt ſet free
From rotten Eggs and Pillory.
Thus crowds of Mortals ſtruggling lay,
Among the Planks, in ſad diſmay;
Some mixing their expiring Groans
With others diſmal Cries and Moans,

Whilſt all the neighb'ring Surgeons ſwarm'd
Around the fatal Ruins, arm'd
With Lancets, Balſams, Rags and Plaſters,
Adapted to the Crowds Diſaſters;
Each laying hold of whom they cou'd,
To ſet their Bones, or let 'em Blood,
Or do what they conceiv'd moſt crafty,
For their own Good and Patient's Safety;

Thus Surgeons, like to Lawyers, make
The beſt of what they undertake;
And tho' they cure our Ailings firſt,
The After-clap proves always worſt.

The next ſad Chance that did enſue,
More fatal than the former Two,
Was that deſtructive Conflagration,
Dreadful to human Obſervation,
Begun, as Fame reports, by thoſe
Preparing Fire-works, to expoſe

And burn the Effigies of the beſt
Of Queens, whoſe Mem'ry they deteſt,
Becauſe ſhe ſtrove our Wounds to heal,
And bleſs'd Her Foes againſt their Will.
So Drunkards, when with Wine o'ercome,
Abuſe their Friends that lead 'em home,
And tho' the Way, they're forc'd along,
Be right, they'll ſwear, in ſpight, 'tis wrong.
Deep in a Cellar under Ground,
Where Night was always to be found,
A Work-houſe proper for the Makers
Of whizing Squibs and bouncing Crackers,
There, for ſome time, Hell's Engineers
Had been contriving artful Fires,
And dreſſing Puppits to delight
Their Malice on ſome Publick Night;
But Providence, diſpleas'd to ſee
Their mad ingrateful Mockery,
Made their own Careleſneſs the ruin
Of all the Miſchiefs they'd been brewing,

And

And by ſome Accident or other
Turn'd their ill Works to Smoke and Smother,
Which fled before a Sou-Weſt Wind,
And left a raging Fire behind,
Such as conſum'd whole Streets and Lanes,
And gave to ſundry Men their Banes,
Who lab'ring to preſerve the Wealth
Of others, periſh'd in their Health;
Whilſt many more, who ſtood to ſee
The Flames, thro' Curioſity,
Came lamely off, with Maims and Bruiſes,
By Timber from the blown-up Houſes.

Therefore, let their Misfortunes learn us,
To ſhun what Hazards don't concern us,
And rather hear, from Friend or Stranger,
What can't be ſeen without much Danger.

Claret, that univerſal Wine,
That makes the Poet's Fancy ſhine,
And wins more Favours from the Fair,
Than all that Man can ſay or ſwear,

Was

Was now in Pipes and Hogſheads burn'd,
And into Fun'ral Liquors turn'd;
Or coddl'd Hogwaſh, fit to bring
To Goſſips at a Chriſtening;
Whilſt Thouſands that ador'd the Juice,
As Heaven's Gift for Humane Uſe,
Curs'd the invidious Fire that boil'd
The noble Creature 'till 'twas ſpoil'd,
And wept to ſee the drougthy Flames
Drink Wine by Tuns, ſo near the *Thames*,
When Water from the ſwelling Current,
Had ſooner cool'd the raging Tyrant.

Brandy, that Cordial of the Town,
In fiery Streams flow'd up and down,
And turn'd (if Poets leave may take)
Each Kennel to a *Stygian* Lake;
Whilſt Coachmen, Carmen, Porters, Seamen,
Trulls, Orange-Drabs and Oyſter-Women,
Licking their Lips, in cluſters ſtood,
And griev'd to ſee the burning Flood.

(In Frosty Morns the best of Drinks)
Ran flaming down the dirty Sinks,
When they'd have all been glad, I'll warrant,
To've stop'd the Fury of the Torrent,
But that it flow'd as scalding hot,
As Pottage boiling o'er the Pot.

So have I seen a Hound stand peeping
At roasting Beef and melted Dripping,
And like a pregnant Gossip long,
But durst not touch it with his Tongue.

Tobacco, that Narcotick Funk,
That fluxes Mortals till they're drunk,
And tempts the marry'd Sot to slight
The Nuptial Blessings of the Night,
Was now, instead of Pipes of Clay,
Consum'd in Hogsheads as it lay;
From whence ascended Fumes so choaking,
As if the Dev'l himself was smoaking,
And, knocking out his Pipes, forgot
To tread the stinking Ashes out,

But

But left 'em burning on the Ground,
To poyſon all his Friends around.
Sugar, whoſe pleaſing taſte imparts
Such Life to Puddings, Pies and Tarts,
And ſtops the Cries of ſwaddl'd Babes,
When pop'd into their Mouths by Dabs.
Sugar, the grand Support that bears
Up all Confectionary Wares,
And makes the Wife's Loblolly ſooth
The kind Uxorious Huſband's Tooth,
In Loads now periſh'd in the Flames,
And burnt in Dunghils near the *Thames*,
Till melted and reduc'd to Wax,
Then ſtoll'n away by crafty Quacks,
And ſold as new-diſcover'd Phyſick,
To cure *Conſumption*, *Cough*, or *Phthyſick*;
A *Noſtrum* alſo never failing,
In any other inward Ailing.
So Dogs-turd, when it's dry'd, becomes
A Med'cine rare for ulcer'd Gums,

And of all Powders is the beſt

For a Sore-Throat. Probatum eſt.

But why our Quack-Adminiſtrators
Of Phyſick, uſe ſuch trifling Matters,
Is 'cauſe they're cheap to him that gives 'em,
And dear toth' Patient that receives 'em.

In ſhort, all ſorts of Foreign Goods,
Hemp, Cotton, Linen, Drugs and Woods,
Tea, Coffee, Spices, *Turky*-Leather,
Convey'd from diſtant Countries hither,
All ſhar'd one Fate and burnt together,
Till Hellborn Powder, which began
This flagrant Miſchief unto Man,
Subdu'd the Tyrant, God be prais'd,
And ſtop'd the Fire itſelf had rais'd.

So Claret, tho' it makes us bright,
And oft inflames us all the Night,
A Hair of the ſame Dog next Morning,
Is beſt to quench our fev'riſh burning.

Now, had the Tories play'd the Fool,
And dizen'd up a Paſtboard *Nol*,
Or been preparing Squibs and Crackers,
To vex our Mug-houſe Undertakers,
And had their inſolent Offence
Produc'd ſo ſad a Conſequence,
The dreadful Flames had then been thought
A Judgment, or, at leaſt, a Plot;
Then Cloak and Band would ſoon have taught,
How wicked Works are brought to nought,
And prov'd by Decalogue, *verbatim*,
That God will puniſh thoſe that hate him.
But when their own Deſigns miſcarry,
And from their good Intentions vary,
They wiſely make the croſs Events,
The Lord's Probation of his Saints,
And cite each holy Text that proves
How God chaſtiſeth whom he loves.

Next to this Fire, whoſe raging Flames
Inſulted and defy'd the *Thames*,
And, ſpight of Engines and of Water,
Committed ſuch a dreadful ſlaughter,
The diſtant Heav'ns began to ſhow
New Wonders to the World below,
And ſeem'd to threat the whole Creation
With Deluge or with Conflagration.

The Moon who us'd to rule the Night,
And bleſs us with her ſilver Light,
Not only prov'd Unceremonious,
And turn'd her dark backſide upon us,
But like a Maſk obſcur'd the Face
O'th' Sun in his diurnal Race,
That even Men and Brutes were frighted,
To find themſelves, by Day, benighted.
The Wicked gaz'd in woful plight,
And ſhiver'd at the diſmal Sight,
Reflecting on their paſt Offences,
And all their ſinful Negligences;

Whilſt Atheiſts, who before believ'd
No God, at once were undeceiv'd,
And lifting up their Eyes to Heaven,
Devoutly pray'd to be forgiven:
The Godly even ſhook with Fear,
And thought the Day of Judgment near;
Nor could their old pretended Pleas
Of Grace ſecure their Conſciences,
But in their Faces we could ſee
Guilt, Terror, and Deſpondency;
As if convinc'd they were no more
Elected than the Scarlet Whore,
But that their Sins were full as great
As theirs they ſtile the Reprobate.

So forward Fools who vainly boaſt
Of Strength and Reſolution moſt,
When Danger's near, grow pale and ſad,
For want of what they thought they had.

The Cattle in their Paſtures Low'd,
And did in Herds together crowd,

As if ſurpris'd to ſee the Light
So early vaniſh into Night.

The Poultry from their Walks adjourn'd,
And to their ſeveral Roofts return'd,
Whilſt their proud Mates that ſtalk'd before,
Clap'd Wings and falſly crow'd the Hour.

Like drunken Watchmen, when they ſally,
At Midnight, from ſome Darkhouſe Ally.

The Birds from Seeded Lands withdrew,
And into Woods and Hedges flew,
As if the Darkneſs made 'em fear
Some ſad deſtructive Storm was near,
Whilſt purblind Bats and Mooney'd Owls,
Forſook their hollow Trees and Holes,
And round Church Steeples took their flight,
Hooting and Squeaking as if Night.

The frighted Swains and delving Clowns,
Fled from the Fields to neigb'ring Towns,
And left their Flocks, their Plows and Teams,
With aching Hearts and trembling Limbs,

Dread-

Dreading the Omen might portend
The wicked World's immediate End,
Before their Souls could be prepar'd
To meet the awful Judge they fear'd:
Nor could their ſhallow Brains conceive,
That Nature ſuch a ſhock could give,
But, ſelf-convicted, ſhiv'ring ſtood,
And pray'd to God, the only Good,
That He'd vouchſafe to ſhew 'em Mercy,
Who only knew him but by hear-ſay,
Till abſent *Phœbus* ſtarted forth,
And once more bleſs'd the teeming Earth,
That rowling Fire which daily gives
New Life to e'ery Thing that lives;
Then ſinful Wretches, who had felt
Such Stings and Terrors from their Guilt,
As ſoon as the Surpriſe was o'er,
Grew vile and daring as before.
So Criminals in Priſon thrown,
Seem conſcious of the Ills they've done;

But when enlarg'd they prove but worſe,
And ſtill Rogue on without remorſe.

The next Unhappineſs that fell on
This Nation, was the *North* Rebellion,
In which half *Engliſh* and half *Scot*,
Combin'd to do they knew not what.
However, they in Friendſhip join'd,
And ſeem'd, at firſt, alike inclin'd,
Till Danger ſtar'd them in the Face,
And then they ſquinted diff'rent ways,
Making themſelves a noiſy Rabble,
As much confus'd as thoſe at *Babel*;
Contending for the Martial Sway,
Not knowing whom they ſhould obey:
Some drown'd in Wine, ſome drunk with Malt,
Some crying, *March*, and others, *Halt*;
One Part, thro' Pride or Folly, breaking
The Meaſures others were for taking.

Like Hounds ill-coupl'd ne'er agreed,
But hinder'd one another's ſpeed;
Excepting thoſe that had a ſence,
Or foreſight of the Conſequence,
Who when they found their raſh Deſign
Wanted both Arms and Diſcipline,
They then repenting, made a Slip,
And fled the Town like frighted Sheep,
Leaving their Chief, who ſhould have Led,
To drink his Butter'd-Ale in Bed.

Thus Bullies bluſter, till their Eye
Beholds the ſhocking Danger nigh,
And then with Scandal and Diſgrace,
They fly from what they durſt not face.
For Cowards always are too crafty
To doat on Honour more than Safety.

Juſt ſo the *Preſton* Herd, unſkill'd
To keep the Town or win the Field,
Before the Royal Troops appear'd,
Talk'd big, as if they nothing fear'd,

And with good Wine and Nappy warm'd,
Threaten'd much more than they perform'd;
For few had Courage to withſtand
The Danger, when 'twas near at hand,
But rather than to boldly run
The riſque of what themſelves begun,
To pleaſe and flatter Cow'rdly Nature,
Poſtpon'd one Hazard for a greater.

Two gallant Chiefs they had, 'tis plain,
That is, two Heads, but ne'er a Brain;
For had their Conduct and Diſcretion
But prov'd as great as their Submiſſion,
They might, perchance, have grown much ſtronger
And ſav'd their Necks a little longer:
Yet had they fought like Men of Mettle,
And bravely ſtood a hardy Battle,
They'd not perform'd ſo great a Wonder,
As in their tamely knocking under.

No doubt the Heroes firſt deſign'd
To fight, when they at *Preſton* join'd,

Tho' half the Weapons of their Forces,
Were only Whips to flog their Horſes;
But when they ſaw their bad Condition,
Few Arms and little Ammunition,
Led on promiſcuouſly together,
By him that knew the uſe of neither,
The Champions rather choſe to yield
Toth' Gallows, than to die i'th' Field;
Becauſe one Danger of the two
Was fartheſt from their preſent View;
Forgetting, he that boldly draws
His Sword againſt the Nations Laws,
Muſt, if he means to win the Day,
Preſs on, and fling the Sheath away:
For he who 'gainſt the Crown is fighting,
And hopes for Pardon by ſubmitting,
Is like the Fool who firſt provokes
The Lyon with diſdainful Strokes,
Then tamely bowing to his Jaws,
Craves Mercy of his Teeth and Claws.

Thus,

Thus, thoſe that dare to undertake
Rebellion, if they once look back,
Themſelves they ruine, loſe their End,
And mar the Cauſe they would defend.

No ſooner had the Captive Crowd,
Their ſtubborn Necks to *Cæſar* bow'd,
As if at firſt they meant no more,
Than to aggrandize Sov'reign Pow'r,
Or that they thought the Nation bleſt,
And, Stateſman like, rebell'd in Jeſt;
Not to diſturb, but ſerve the Ends
Of Government, like truſty Friends,
By wheedling in the Diſaffected,
To be Drawn, Hang'd, and then Diſſected.

I ſay, no ſooner had they ſhown
Their great Submiſſion to the Throne,
And render'd to the Royal Forces,
Their Arms, their Money, and their Horſes,
But they were ty'd on Scrubs and Tits,
Whoſe Hempen Bridles had no Bits,

Nor worthleſs Saddles Stirrups on,
To reſt their pendant Feet upon:
But rode, like *Sancho* on his Aſs,
Or Hoſtlers, kicking Jades to Graſs,
Who with their Riders often falter,
Becauſe they're guided by the Halter.

Thus Inſurrections in a Realm,
Prove Thorns to thoſe that rule the Helm,
Till cruſh'd, and then the Victor makes
His Market of the Fools he takes.

In Triumph thus the Cavalcade
Of Rebels were to *London* led,
Guarded on e'ery Side by thoſe
Who when they conquer'd ſpar'd their Blows,
To make their gallant Foes amends,
For acting ſo like Boſom Friends,
And fixing in our Jarring Iſle,
The Cauſe they vainly hop'd to ſpoil.

As fooliſh Parents often make
Thoſe Matches they attempt to break,

And by their want of timely Care,
Ruine the Child they would prefer.

Now all the Jayls about the Town,
Were cram'd with Rebels of Renown,
The *Tow'r* with Lords, who mourn'd their Fate,
And raſh Proceedings, when too late;
Whilſt Criminals of Low'r Degree,
Fill'd *Newgate*, *Fleet*, and *Marſhalſea*,
Where now they felt, as well as ſaw,
The Fangs and Tuſhes of the Law,
To which they tamely had ſubmitted,
Blam'd by their Friends, by Foes unpity'd.

In this ſad plight, unhappy Creatures,
Loaded with heavy Chains and Fetters,
They were confin'd to eat and ſleep,
Like *Negroes* in a *Guinea* Ship;
Till ſome, to terrify the Nation,
Were try'd and doom'd to Decollation;
And others ſentenc'd to reſign
Their wretched Lives in Hempen Twine.

Thus

Thus Rebels, when they loſe the Day,
Support the Pow'r they diſobey;
But if Succeſs attends their Pride,
They make the Gallows change it's Side.
For 'tis the Vict'ry, not the Cauſe,
That ſteers the Juſtice of the Laws,
And in each raſh domeſtick Quarrel,
Diſpoſes both of Hemp and Laurel.

Now bald-pate Winter ſhiv'ring rear'd
His wrinkl'd Brows and hoary Beard,
And flying *Southward* from the *North*,
In Anger breath'd cold Weather forth;
Puff'd, as he made uncommon ſpeed,
And by the Way kill'd Herb and Weed;
Did on the Clouds with Paſſion blow,
And turn'd their Rain to flakes of Snow,
Congeal'd Earth's Surface in a trice,
And Rivers chang'd to Rocks of Ice,

That

That working Tradeſmen and their Spouſes,
Forſook their *Terra firma* Houſes,
And with old Blankets, Poles and Sheets,
On Frozen *Thames* built Lanes and Streets,
Where many Trades and Crafts of Hand
Were follow'd, in contempt of Land;
And Hackny Whores and Coaches ply'd
With more Succeſs than in *Cheapſide*;
Tho' Winds that made 'em blow their Nails,
In Reaſon might have cool'd their Tails.
But Luſt is ſuch a warm Deſire,
It feels no Cold, and needs no Fire;
And rather than abſtain from Vice,
Will Sin, tho' on a Bed of Ice.

So vicious Dogs, who ſlyly run
At harmleſs Sheep, and pull 'em down,
Ne'er leave the Sport, tho' beat and bang'd,
But ſtill love Mutton till they're hang'd.

The *Thames* was now the Mart or Fair,
For e'ery ſort of common Ware.

Here

Here Names were Printed, Medals Stamp'd,
New Garments ſold, and Old new vamp'd,
Young Laſſes ſpoil'd by Rakes and Bullies,
And old ones ſtarv'd for want of Cullies;
Baſe Rings, and Spelter Trinkets ſold
To Fools, for Silver and for Gold;
And to the great reproach of *France*,
Damn'd *Engliſh* Spirits vouch'd for *Nantz*:
Beſides rare Wines of e'ery ſort,
White, *Claret*, *Sherry*, *Mountain*, *Port*,
Tho' none of't e'er had croſs'd the Seas,
Or from the Grape deriv'd its Lees,
But made at Home, 'twixt Chip and Daſh,
Of Sugar, Sloes, and Grocer's Traſh,
Or *Cyder* dy'd with Cochineal,
If Fame their Secrets can reveal.

Here Beaus appear'd with Ladies fine,
To toy and fool away their Coin,
In hopes the Fair might ſlip awry,
And bluſhing ſhow a Leg or Thigh.

For

For ſhe that on the Ice will venture,
May chance to turn up all God ſent her,
And by one heedleſs Fall diſcover
The hidden Bait that charms her Lover.

Here *Neptune*'s Slaves, who ply'd the Ferries,
And us'd to row the Town in Wherries,
Made Whigwams now of Tilts and Sails,
And dealt in Brandy, Wines and Ales,
To gain by Ice what they had loſt
By want of Water and by Froſt.

So common Jilts, thoſe drudging Jades,
When Winter Age has ſpoil'd their Trades,
Take Brothels near ſome Chanc'ry Inn,
And deal in Coffee, Whores and Gin.

The *Dutchmen*, tho' to Cold inur'd,
Who in our Harbours liv'd Aboard.
Thoſe Sandy Brandybottle Boors,
Thoſe brawny Slaves to Sails and Oars,
With Rats-tail Locks, Thrum Woollen Caps,
And piſsburnt Whiſkers round their Chaps,

Now left their frozen Decks and Shrouds,
Where piercing Winds congeal'd their Bloods,
And nimbly ſcating on the Ice,
Thaw'd their numb'd Limbs by Exerciſe,
And ſhow'd us how their Lords at Home,
With Fish to Market go and come;
Who tho' they help to Rule the State,
Think it no Shame to ſell their Scate.

No Wonder, ſince there's no ſuch thing
As Honour, where there is no King;
For Honour, every Body knows,
From Crowns originally flows:
And where there's no Crown'd-Head to give it,
No Man can merit or receive it.
Beſides, where Honour has no place,
There's nothing ſcandalous or baſe,
That carries Int'reſt in its face.

The Streets of *London* now were fill'd
With heaps of Dirt, and Snow congeal'd;

Some

Some nicely modell'd into Form,
By Art, to keep Induſtry warm:
Here, o'er a frozen Kennel, ſtood
A Paſſant Lyon carv'd in Mud,
Whoſe Teeth, that fortify'd his Jaws,
Were broken Pipes and Lobſter's Claws,
Which made the King of Beaſts appear
So fierce, ſo threatning and ſevere,
That all the Mob that came about him,
Paid Homage, and were proud to ſhout him.
So Indians *homely Statues frame,*
Then Worſhip 'em in Jos's *Name.*
Believing from their ugly Form,
They've Pow'r to do their Makers harm.
In the next Street, perhaps, appear'd
A Froſtwork Bull, by Butchers rear'd,
Whoſe Horns, that grac'd his frizzl'd Top,
Were pointed tow'rds ſome Cuckold's Shop,
Which ſerv'd his Helpmate for a Reaſon,
To keep him cloſe the Froſty Seaſon,

For fear the Rabble ſhould agree
To Point, and cry aloud, *That's he.*
So when a Skimington comes by,
Each Scolding Houſewife looks awry,
And to her Huſband cries, My Dear,
Prithee come in, and ſtay not here,
I wonder you can take delight
To gaze at ſuch a fooliſh Sight.
Thus guilty Conſcience always flies
The Rod that ſcourges human Vice;
And even Sinners, who would paſs
For Saints of a ſuperior Claſs,
At Church will on the Preacher frown,
To hear their darling Sins cry'd down.
Yet all will others Faults diſcloſe,
But think the Prieſt and Poet Foes,
If they preſume to laſh the Crimes
Of Impious Men in wicked Times.
Thus num'rous Figures made of Dirt,
As Children do of Clay, for Sport,

Adorn'd

Adorn'd the Kennels of each Street,
To make the Paſſage more compleat,
That Riding-Hoods and Clogs might move
About the grand Affairs of Love,
Without the danger of a Slip,
To ſprain a Leg or bruiſe a Hip,
Or cauſe their Crupper-Bones to pay
Obedience to the frozen Way;
And that the Sharping Tribe, who range
The Nooks and Allies near the *Change*,
Might ſcowre about the Town, t'amuſe
Believing Fools with Lying News;
Who make themſelves the Tools and Slaves
Of Cunning, Cheating, Jobbing Knaves,
That daily ſtudy to diſguiſe
The face of Truth with Impious Lies,
And, Devil like, ſupport, we ſee,
Their Int'reſt by their Villany.

The Watchmen too vouchſaf'd to ſtoop
And build Nocturnal Hovels up,

With Kennel-Dirt and Snow together,
To fence their Worſhips from the Weather,
That they might Sit, Drink, Swear and Prate,
Like Midnight Magiſtrates, in State,
And Lurk, like hungry Wolves, to prey
On Drunkards that ſhould reel that way.

Now crafty Glaſiers threw about
Their Foot-Balls to the Rabble-Rout,
And ſent their Youngſters to Bombard
Their Neighbours, whilſt the Froſt was hard.
Oft have I heard of Quarrels pick'd,
And Tradeſmen out of Bus'neſs kick'd,
But the wiſe Glaſiers change the Scene,
And kick themſelves, not out, but in.

Week after Week the Winter ſtrengthen'd,
And froze more ſharply as it lengthen'd,
That the poor Girls were forc'd to uſe
Dutch Stoves in old St. *Barthol'mews*,
To keep their Maidenheads from freezing,
The Weather was ſo cold and teazing.

Mat-

Marriage, that comfortable Vow,
Could ne'er be more approv'd than now;
For as in mild delightful Weather,
Int'reſt and Love bring Fools together,
So now the moſt prevailing Charm
That made us Wed, was to be warm:
Nay, ſome ſo very Cold were grown,
They could no longer lie alone,
But crept together, hugg'd and kiſs'd,
Without remembrance of the Prieſt.

As hungry Gluttons eat apace,
Till cloy'd, and never think of Grace.

The Old complain'd of Coughs and Gouts,
And crawl'd about with dripping Snouts,
Vowing Dame Nature ne'er had dealt 'em
Such Weather, ſince their Age had gelt 'em.

Beggars crept up and down, poor Souls,
Curſing the Price of Bread and Coals,
And in Expreſſions too ſevere,
Damn'd thoſe that kept them up ſo dear.

Thus Providence, to whom we owe
All we enjoy, and all we know,
In e'ery Diſpenſation, finds
Some pleas'd, and ſome with grumbling Minds;
Whilſt the good Chriſtian ſits at Eaſe,
And bends to all that Heav'n decrees.

The next ſurpriſing Scene, this Year,
Did in the Northern Heav'ns appear,
Where, after Sun-ſet, did ariſe
Strange Coruſcations in the Skies.
At firſt a ſullen Cloud aſcended
I'th' *North*, which tow'rds the *Weſt* extended,
And ſailing gently with the Wind,
Eclips'd a ſeeming Fire behind,
For round its Edges we could ſee
A ſmoaky pale Lucidity,
As if the Cloud aroſe to hide
Some Blazing-Star on t'other ſide.

At length, to entertain our View,
The Sable Curtain burſt in two,
And belching forth a fiery Train
Of flaming Sulphur, clos'd again.
Thus did it ſhut and open thrice,
Darting its Lightning croſs the Skies,
And then, like huddl'd Fire and Smoke,
Into a ſtrange Confuſion broke,
Venting on e'ery ſide new Light,
That bolted forth in Streams upright,
Like blazing Rockets that diſplay
Their Fury as they make their way,
Till Waves of Light'ning fill'd the Space,
And rowl'd, like Seas, from place to place,
The Heav'ns preſenting to our View,
Each Moment, ſomething that was new,
And thro' the Skies ſuch Flaſhes hurl'd,
As if deſign'd to fire the World,
And Cryſtalize this dirty Maſs,
Into a Globe of ſhining Glaſs,

So make the ſame, by Conflagration,
A Planet for the next Creation.

From Sun-ſet to the break of Day,
Did theſe Celeſtial Fireworks play,
Whilſt Crowds of Mortals ſtood below,
Beholding the tremendous Show.

Some harden'd Sinners ſeem'd to gaze,
With Pleaſure on the ſcatter'd Rays,
As if the Wonder was no more
Portentous than a rainy Show'r.
Others more conſcious of the baſe
Atheiſtick Guilt of Human Race,
With Terror ſtruck, beheld the Light,
And trembl'd at the gaſtly Sight,
Believing it portended ſome
Deſtructive Plague to Chriſtendom,
Or bloody Conteſt, that might lay,
The World in one *Aceldema*.

Aſtrologers, thoſe ſkilful Noddies,
That watch and read the Heav'nly Bodies,
To make their knowing Selves more certain,
In telling Female Fools their Fortune,
Climb'd up aloft, and ſtood for Hours,
On Steeples, Battlements, and Tow'rs,
That they might there behold, the better,
Theſe puzz'ling wondrous Works of Nature,
All lugging out, to view the Light,
Their various Inſtruments of Sight;
By which they did diſcern, no doubt,
What others ſaw as well without.
Thus many Hours they gaz'd in vain,
And ſpy'd and peep'd, and ſpy'd again:
Returning, when they'd done, not quite
So Wiſe as if they'd ſlept all Night,
Contending who ſhould give the beſt
Account of what had ſpoil'd their Reſt.
Some wiſely ſaid, the Northern Bears, *Great Bear and little Bear.*
Were fall'n together by the Ears,

And in their Rage, their angry Eyes
Struck Fire, and ſparkl'd thro' the Skies.

Others, who ſaw the Cauſe more plain,
Affirm'd, that *Charles* had left his Wain,
B'ing dry, to beg a Draught of Liquor,
From old *Aquarius*'s Pitcher;
And that the reſty Jades, his Horſes,
Had, in his Abſence, turn'd their Arſes,
And kicking with their Shoes of Steel,
Throw'd Light'ning from each claſhing Heel.

Some, who believ'd themſelves no leſs
Expert than others, at a gueſs,
Conjectur'd, theſe amuſing Streams
Of Light, were but the Rays or Beams
Of ſome portentous Blazing-Star,
That ſkulk'd below our Hemiſphere,
Whoſe flaming Beard would ſoon ariſe,
Toth' Terror of our *Engliſh* Eyes.
Inſtead of which, the Light declin'd,
And we no Blazing-Star could find;

Which

Which ſhews, that thoſe wiſe *Albumazers*,
Who on the Heav'ns have long been Gazers,
In ſpight of Mathematick Rules,
May err, as well as other Fools.

The *Scots*, among us, ſeem'd delighted,
To ſee their Southern Friends ſo frighted
At Nature's Sportings, that ariſe
So frequent in the Northern Skies,
And when they brandiſh in the Air,
Are ſtil'd, *The Pritty Dancers*, there;
No more regarded when they ſhine,
Than Light'ning underneath the Line.

So Strombulo, *or* Ætna's *Flames*,
Fright not the neighb'ring Clowns or Dames;
But ſuch a Mount among us here,
Would raiſe our Wonder and our Fear.

Others, in Nature's Works more learn'd,
The Cauſe with greater Skill diſcern'd,
And borr'wing Terms from Doctor *Wallis*,
Call'd it, *Aurora Borealis*.

But

But that can only happen here,
When Days are long and Nights are clear,
Near th' *Æſtal Solſtice*, when the Sun
Juſt ſhines beneath the Horizon;
And tho' his Face be out of ſight,
His neighb'ring Rays diffuſe a Light,
And faintly gild the Northern Skies,
As to his riſing Point he flies.
But that *Phænomenon* which ſcar'd
Our ſinful Land, in *March* appear'd,
When *Sol*, 'twixt Setting and Returning,
Could give us here no Northern Morning.
But Men of Art, who proudly aim
At univerſal Praiſe and Fame,
Muſt, true or falſe, their Judgment ſhow,
In Matters they profeſs to know,
Or Fools would think the Learn'd but muddy
Proficients in the Arts they ſtudy.

Thus moſt Mens excellency lies
In puzzling thoſe they find leſs Wiſe.

By that alone the Gown and Band,
Gain, of the Crowd, the upper hand,
In Things that neither underſtand.

No ſooner did this Wonder ceaſe,
Or fade, as Day-light did encreaſe,
But Fame from *Ireland* did report
An Omen of another ſort,
Conſiſting of two mighty Shoals
Of monſtrous Fiſh, as big as Bulls,
Who meeting on the *Iriſh* Coaſt,
Moſt fiercely charg'd each others Hoſt,
Fighting a Battle near the Shore,
That dy'd the Ocean with their Gore,
And chang'd, by their repeated Valour,
The Sea-green, to a Sanguine Colour.
Like angry Rams they claſh'd their Heads,
Rebounding in their watry Beds,
Caſting aloft, from batter'd Snouts,
And broken Gills, ſuch crimſon Spouts,

As if they ſpew'd up Claret Wine,
Or fought in Blood, inſtead of Brine.
Some, large as Elephants, diſplay'd
Huge Tuſhes ſprouting from the Head.
By force of which they over-run
Their Foes, and eat 'em when they'd done.
Others, like Ships in ſtormy Weather,
Fell foul, Broad-ſide and Side together,
And Joſtl'd till the biggeſt Foe,
Made the Leſs plow the Seas below.
So Armies, with their Foot and Horſe,
Subdue their weaker Foes by force,
And make the Cauſe, which they eſpouſe,
Not good by Reas'ning, but by Blows.
Thus mighty Fiſh with Fiſh contended,
Some riſing up, whilſt ſome deſcended,
Boldly relieving one another,
As one brave Soldier would his Brother,
Whilſt wounded Monſters ſwam on Shore,
For Breath, and periſh'd in their Gore.

Nor did one Day decide the Quarrel,
Or give to either Hoſt the Laurel,
But as the Sun return'd his Light,
They ſtill renew'd their bloody Fight,
Till length of Time and loſs of Blood,
Made all the Scaly Troops think good
To leave the Empire of the Main
Unſettl'd, till they met again.
That future Conteſts might decide
The right of Rule, for which they try'd.
Thus as proud Heroes fight on Shore,
And ſtruggle for ſuperior Pow'r,
So Monſters battle in the Sea,
For needful Food and Sovereignty.

Now *Zephyrus* with Anger ſwell'd,
And with his Breath the Tide repell'd,
Forcing the gentle *Thames* to fly
Thoſe Bounds ſhe us'd to occupy;

And with a fierce and rapid Motion,
T' incorp'rate with the briny Ocean,
Where She for ſev'ral Days remain'd,
And left her native Channel drain'd
So dry, where Barges us'd to float,
That Numbers croſs'd without a Boat,
And in their Walks upon the Strand,
Found Things of Value in the Sand,
Which Thieves into the *Thames* had toſt,
Or ſome by Careleſneſs had loſt.

Now Ladies walk'd where Streams ſhould flow,
And Boats and Barges us'd to Row;
There exercis'd their nimble Heels,
On Sandy Beds for Fiſh and Eeles,
And where *Thames* Salmon, when beſet,
Lay ſkulking to avoid the Net.
The Boatmen now forſook their Stations,
And chang'd their Rowing Occupations,
Carr'd heavy Loads, like Men of Stature,
And ply'd by Land, inſtead of Water.

As Whores decay'd and paſt their Labours,
Turn Bawds, and ſo aſſiſt their Neighbours.

Nor did this boiſt'rous Wind alone,
Blow Rivers dry, that Eaſtward run,
But forc'd the Sea to break its Bounds,
And ſwallow ſundry Tracts of Grounds:
Huge Barns it overſet with eaſe,
Blow'd Houſes down, and plow'd up Trees,
And made the rowling Ocean riſe
So near the Arches of the Skies,
That ſundry Veſſels dug their Graves,
And founder'd in the claſhing Waves,
Whilſt Crowds contended to devour
The Shipwrecks that were thrown aſhore.
As Women do on Armies wait,
To Plunder thoſe that meet their Fate.

Tiles from the tops of Houſes blown,
And Chimney-Bricks came ratt'ling down,
Whilſt frighted Mortals ſkulk'd below,
In dread of ſome deſtructive Blow.

Till Providence reſtrain'd the Storm
From doing Mankind further Harm,
And once more bleſs'd our longing Eyes,
With gentle Winds and pleaſing Skies.

One Wonder more, from diſtant Climes
Came over, in theſe ſinful Times,
A num'rous Flight of Foreign Birds,
With pointed Bills as ſharp as Swords,
Webfooted, of the Water kind,
Were hither driven by the Wind,
And in two Columns did appear,
Like wing'd Battalions in the Air,
And ſhrieking loud began a Fight,
Aſtoniſhing to human ſight,
Which they maintain'd, at leaſt, an Hour,
With all the fierceneſs in their Pow'r:
Some falling headlong to the Ground,
Were dead upon the Surface found,

And

And others in the Battle maim'd,
Were taken up, not dead, but lam'd:
Like bleeding Cocks with wounded Eyes,
Still pecking, tho' too weak to riſe,
Twiſting their Necks about to find
The Foe that ſtruck 'em Lame or Blind.
Thus for ſome time they fought together.
Tho' all ſeem'd Birds of the ſame Feather,
Till one Side had obtain'd the Laurel,
And put a Period to their Quarrel,
Then all thoſe Civil Heats and Jars,
That kindl'd theſe domeſtick Wars
Among the Birds, that ſeem'd to be
Of one divided Family,
Were of a ſudden at an end,
And e'ery Foe became a Friend.
Then thoſe that did before appear
In diff'rent Armies in the Air,
Seem'd all united into one
Dark Body that eclips'd the Sun,

Hov'ring aloft, for ſome time after,
In Friendſhip, without further ſlaughter,
Till a freſh Storm began to riſe,
And blacken the tranſparent Skies.
Such as had driven, heretofore,
The *Trojans* on the *Lybick* Shore;
And then the Birds, by Wind and Weather,
Were blown from hence, the Lord knows whither.

So when domeſtick Feuds and Fears,
Set jarring Nations by the Ears,
The Parties ſtruggle for Command,
Till one Side gains the upper-hand:
Then they who're worſted, waive their Spight,
And tamely with their Foes unite.

Theſe are the Wonders we have ſeen,
Since *Britain* has Interr'd her Queen:
But what theſe Prodigies forebode,
Whether our Evil or our Good,

I'll

I'll leave to thoſe that read the Heavens,
And gueſs by Sixes and by Sevens,
Who, by great Chance, ſome Truths may give us,
Or with officious Lies deceive us.

For Arts, by which they gain their Ends,
And Planets, like unfaithful Friends,
Are moſt deceitful when we need 'em,
Or elſe they Blockheads are that read 'em.

FINIS.

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